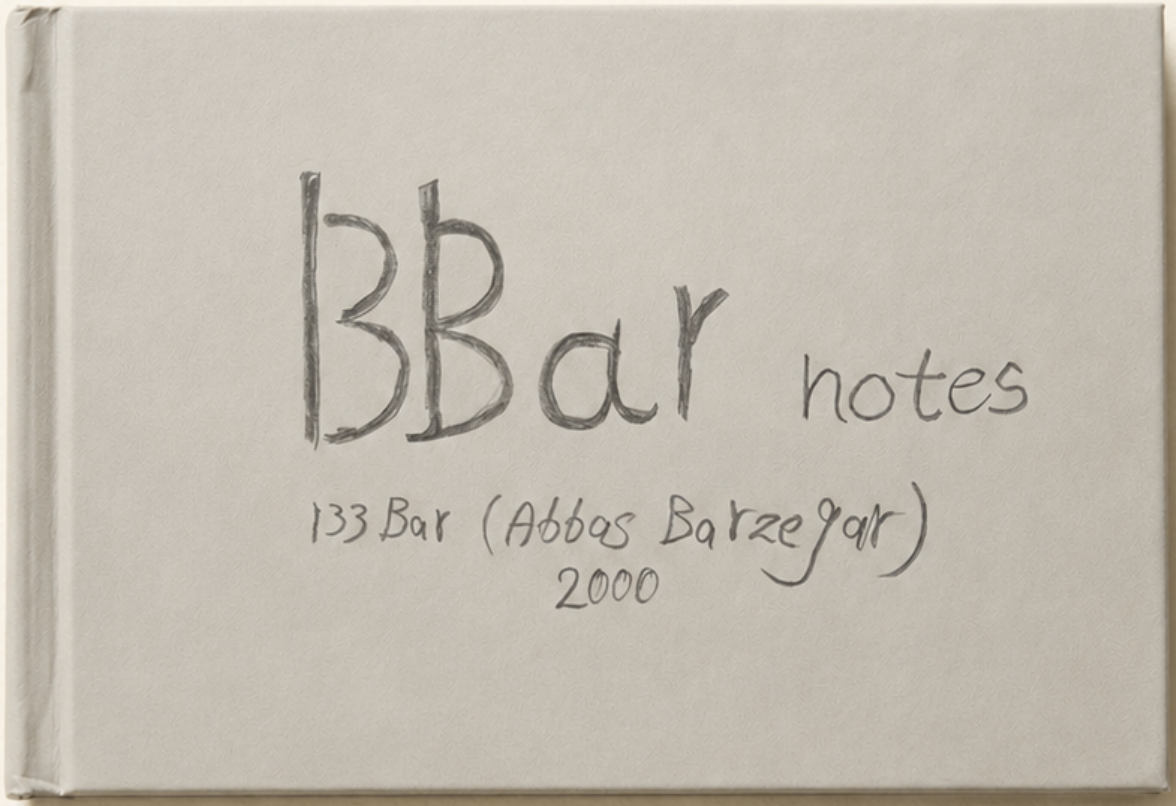
BBar notes
133 Bar (Abbas Barzegar)
2000

People teach – but "teaching" itself teaches nothing; it just IS. Don't try to teach – just be. Pure being.

♦

Life is a tormenting noise – and you are the silence within it.

♦

Death, in people's view, is a mirror of this world – dark and soulless, or beautiful. But death is behind the mirror.

♦

I love you like the last period at the end of a sentence.

Are you a question mark?

You are pure wonder!

♦

You always say "perhaps"!

Are you not "perhaps" itself?

You are perhaps "not".

♦

You – a hidden smirk behind the open lie: "I love you".

♦

You know me? I am the knowing of you. I am Mr. No-Reply – no answer in me, no answer to me.

♦

One second of you – was an eternity cut short.

♦

Don't narrow your mind
to the pupil of your eye –
the eye that sees only appearances.

♦

How can you hate anyone? When they close their eyes, they don't say "I shut my eyes" – they say "the world went dark".

♦

The black hole of your pupils
swallowed me.
Eye to eye,
you fell into my heart –
and I fell out of yours.

♦

To be alone is to dwell among your own thoughts; and to be together is just solitudes sitting next to each other. Man is a creature of solitude – even in a crowd of his own loneliness

♦

With every pulse of your steps, the street fell into a deep trance –
and stayed that way until your destination.

♦

Peace undid itself, silence hushed itself, and nothingness nulled itself – when the self was no more.

♦

Honor's vase broke – poetry spilled out. Reason's vase broke – I went mad. The madmen's unintelligible words, in purest clarity, give poetry its meaning.

♦

Life is a cigarette – each puff, a step into the now – until your lips burn and you utter "the Word".

♦

My mind, a damp warehouse of memories – soaked and heavy, they give off no scent of life's fire anymore; the moisture has drowned every flame.

♦

Life tastes of nothing – like water. Nothing is life's chemical standard – like water.

♦

We

are sick

with our selves.

♦

If all human knowledge were one sentence,

"Being" would be its final dot – "."

Not a riddle left unsolved.

♦

Company is the intensity of togetherness – solitude, the intensity of "Being" alone.

♦

My Übermensch is like a woman who births herself from her very own womb.

♦

Life is a river – with the weight of its unmoving stones. Become the ocean!

♦

What is "whatness"? Look at the one who gazes within you.

♦

The voice is the throat's shadow.

Can a shadow reach the Sun's ears?

♦

Life has no meaning.

Life is meaning itself.

♦

Truth is not of the nature of reason.

Truth simply is.

♦

A beautiful woman
named Now
carries God
in her womb.

♦

Understanding death is like
trying to smell the essence of smell.

♦

I wish we had been taught

that being strange is not strange;

rather, simplicity is the strangest thing in the world.

♦

In the wake of your footsteps,
the road lost its way.
Every path became the path to you.
And home, once the destination,
was left wandering.

♦

A red apple, once bitten – is whole.

♦

Love the future?

You'll love the next.

But in the now –

you love nothing;

you are love.

♦

Conditional love – a god with a cause; causeless love – the causeless God. Don't create love – be love! "Becoming" love has a source – love has none.

♦

Shatter the idol of love – for love itself dwells within its ruin!

♦

"I fell in love," they said. I said: "Love doesn't become – it IS. It only shows itself."

♦

With love,

"Becoming"

became

"Being".

♦

Know this:

The blind see no darkness –

and the lover, when love is not, sees no darkness –

only pure nothingness.

♦

The dashed lines on life's road – they are the moments, moment by moment. And dashed lines mean you are allowed to overtake. With the power of these moments, overtake yourself – and reach beyond the self.

♦

The cloud neither comes nor goes – it is the sky that stands still.

Fear does not truly come – only the sky and love's depth remain.

♦

"People tell each other's secrets – repeating endlessly. Truth's secret? No repetition needed – every "moment" unveils it."

♦

If they offer you reasons and say, "Do not go there" – say: "My beloved is in the land of the reasonless."

♦

Life is a city – through its moment-alleys, the cars and people of thoughts pass by. Each believes it has a goal – yet one goal chases another. In the end, they all just "BE" – no longer chasing a future, but resting in pure Being.

♦

In the fabric of our being, time and space are warp and weft. When expectation falls away – its threads drawn – the whole weave collapses, and Being emerges.

♦

Now I died – and the Now is mine.

♦

The arrow of your being –
released into the void within me –
travels into infinity,
and hunts my infinite existence.

♦

Death is the wage of nothing but itself – and life, the prize of nothing but death's wage.

♦

Death reveals life – like a black pencil tracing a coin's embossed image on white paper.

♦

One who surpasses another in life – for that instant, forgets their own self, becomes the other – and then, in the blink of an eye, sees no one but themselves everywhere.

♦

Love makes you everyone – and no one.

♦

Your voice – the scent of the impossible; your gaze – a blind alley closing in on me; your face – a barrier, locked and unyielding – all of it, only for me!

♦

Doubt dwells in humans – but you are doubt.

♦

I offer my hidden self – the one behind your truth – to you. I give away the very part of me that loves you – so I may no longer love you from a distance – so you may become love itself. I am entirely the loving of you.

♦

I kissed the wind – I smelled the wind – it gives the scent of nothing – and it gives the taste of nothing – it goes to Nothing-land – for nothing.

♦